

Jaising

Stop, Master. Is, then, love a
 false-
 hood and mercy a mockery,
 and the
 one thing true, from
 beginning of
 time, the lust for destruction?
 Would
 it not have destroyed itself
 long ago ?
 You are playing with my heart,
 my
 master* Look there, she is
 gazing at
 me with her sweet mocking
 smile.
 My bloodthirsty Mother, wilt
 thou
 accept my blood ? Shall I
 plunge
 this knife into my breast and
 make
 an end to my life, as thy child,
 for
 evermore ? The life-blood,
 flowing in
 these veins, is it so delicious
 to thee ?
 O my Mother, my
 bloodthirsty
 Mother.—Master, did you call
 me ? I
 know you wanted my heart to
 break
 its bounds in pain overflowing
 my
 Mother's feet. This is the true
 sacri-
 fice. But King's blood ! The
 Mother,
 who is thirsting for our love,
 you
 accuse of bloodthirstiness 1